GENERAL STATE NEWS.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

DAVID LOWENSTEIN, of Frederick City, whose wife was injured in an accident near Finksburg, has sued the Western Maryland Railroad for $15,000 damages.

H. G. WATSON, of Centreville, has been appointed principal of the preparatory department and instructor in physical culture at Western Maryland College, Westminster. He will take the place of Prof. George W. Ward, who goes to Japan as a teacher under Methodist Protestant auspices.

MR. THOMAS B. GOURLEY, purser of the steamer St. Mary's, has purchased the Morton mansion and the farm contiguous on Holland Point, on the Patuxent, in Calvert county, and has put extensive improvements on the place for a family residence.

LIGHTNING on a telegraph wire set fire to some sparrows' nests on the cornice of the Queen City Hotel at Cumberland. The nests made a blaze which communicated to the building, but the fire was extinguished with a bucket of water before any damage was done.

MICHAEL LEASURE, an employee of the Battle Run Tannery, Allegany county, fell into a vat of boiling liquid and was dreadfully burned. His suffering was intense and it is thought he will die.

MR. JOHN E. TURNER, of Prince George's county, died at his home in Woodville, aged eighty-seven years. He was a native of Charles county, and leaves an estate valued at $80,000.

IT is understood that warrants have been issued at Marlboro' for the arrest of the principals and assistants at a prize-fight in Prince George's county last week.

CLARENCE S. HARLOCK has entered upon duty as treasurer of Kent county in place of Wm. B. Usilton. Wm. F. Russel has been appointed deputy treasurer.

ST. PAUL'S Catholic Church, Ellicott City, is to be furnished with modern pews. The present ones have been used since the church was built.

MR. GEORGE SAVAGE, of Baltimore, will deliver the oration July 4th at the laying of the corner-stone of the new high school building, Princess Anne, Md.

IN a town election held in Cambridge, the issue was the question of new waterworks and the friends of the improvement won.

COMPTROLLER SMITH, distributed the public school tax to the counties and Baltimore city.

THE annual banquet of the Rock Hill College Base-ball Club was held at the college, at Ellicott City.

THE recent storm did much damage in Frederick county.

THE Western Maryland Alumni Association met at Westminster and elected officers for the ensuing year. Rev. S. T. Ward is elected president of the board of trustees of the college.

PACKET LINE.

THE SCHOONERS

Clara M. & Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt St., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. GRAIN bought or taken at LOWEST FREIGHT RATES. All Grain stored in our Warehouse, in case of fire will be at the owner's risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the Lowest Cash Prices. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

C. R. LEONARD & BROTHER.

OFFICE.—In R. B. Dixon's new building on Dover street, Easton.

WAGNER'S GREEN HOUSE,

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BALTIMORE, MD.

J. & B. L. WAGNER, – – Proprietors.

This Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.

PRICES MODERATE.

The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management. 31mhly

MR. JAMES BERRY, retired hangman of England, has a record of one hundred and eighty-three hangings. He is now delivering a lecture through England, in which he condemns capital punishment. His chief reason is that murderers are insane at the time of the deed and truly repentant when they come to be hanged. Mr. James Berry's repentance is better late than never. If every hangman and other executioner in Christendom would quit officiating at judicial killings the state would soon quit killing murderers and dispose of them in some more civilized way.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.		
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.	$ 5 60	@ $ 5 80
High Grade Extra	4 60	4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	77	80
CORN—No. 2 White	52	53½
Yellow	56½	57
Ear Yellow per bbl	2 60	2 65
OATS—Southern & Penn	38	40
Western White	38	40
Mixed	38	39
RYE—No. 2	82	83
No. 3	77	78
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 00	15 50
Good to prime	14 00	14 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	10 50	11 00
Wheat Blocks	7 00	7 50
Oat Blocks	9 00	9 50
CANNED GOODS.		
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3.	$	@ $ 85
No. 2		70
PEAS—Standards	1 10	1 40
Seconds		90
CORN—Dry Pack		1 10
Moist		1 00
HIDES.		
CITY STEERS	$ 7	@ $ 7¼
City Cows	4½	5
Southern No. 2	5¼	5½
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.		
POTATOES—Burbanks.	$ 35	@ $ 40
White Star	30	35
Rose	35	40
Hebrons	——	30
SWEET POTATOES	2 00	2 50
Yams, bright	1 50	2 00
ONIONS—Bermudas	1 35	1 50
Maryland	75	1 00
PROVISIONS.		
HOG PRODUCTS shlds.	$ ——	@ $ 7¾
Clear-rib sides	——	7¼
Bacon sides	——	8¼
Hams	12	12½
Mess Pork, per bar	——	12 00
LARD—Crude	——	6½
Best refined	——	7¾
BUTTER.		
BUTTER—Fine Crmy.	$ 18	@ $ 19
Under fine	17	18
Fine ladles	13	14
Roll	12	13
CHEESE.		
CHEESE—N.Y. Factory	$ 10	@ $ 10¼
N. Y. flats	10½	10¾
Full Cream	10½	10¾
EGGS.		
EGGS—State	$ 16½	@ $ 17
North Carolina	15	16
POULTRY.		
CHICKENS—Hens.	$ 12½	@ $ 13
Old Roosters	25	30
Ducks, per lb	14	15
Geese	40	60
TOBACCO.		
TOBACCO—Md. Infer'r.	$ 1 00	@ $ 1 50
Sound common	3 00	4 00
Middling	6 00	8 00
Fancy	12 00	15 00
LIVE STOCK.		
BEEF—Best Beeves.	$ 4 50	@ $ 4 65
Good to Fair	4 12	4 57
SHEEP—Clipped Sheep.	3 60	6 50
Wool Sheep	5 00	6 00
Hogs	4 25	4 70
FURS AND SKINS.		
MUSKRAT	$ 10	@ $ 11
Raccoon	40	45
Red Fox	——	1 00
Skunk Black	——	80
Opossum	22	23
Mink	——	80
Otter	——	6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	92¼	99½
RYE—Western	84	88
CORN—No. 2	57	59
OATS—No. 3	35	36
BUTTER—State	13	15
EGGS—State	15½	16
CHEESE—State	8	9¼

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60	@ $ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	87	87½
CORN—No. 3	53	53½
OATS—No. 2	39½	40
EGGS—Penn. st	17	17½

Seedweed and Its Uses.

"There is much that is wonderful to be told about seedweed," said a naturalist to the writer. "Some of them are giants in size. One species common in the North Sea frequently grows to the length of thirty or forty feet, developing in the shape of a long cord about the size of a quill, attached at one end to the bottom, and the rest supported by the water. This is nothing, however, to the prodigious 'macrocystis,' which attains 1500 feet in length. Another variety found in the tropics reaches a length of twenty-five or thirty feet, with a trunk as thick as a man's thigh. The hollow stem of spicies indigenous to the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope was formerly used by the natives as a trumpet when dried. Still another kind furnishes the savages of some parts of Australia with vessels, many implements and even food.

"Of all tribes of plants seaweeds are commonly reported to be the least useful. Yet this belief does them great injustice. They supply, directly and indirectly, the food upon which most fishes and other animals of the ocean depend, the smaller creatures feeding upon the plants themselves, to be gobbled subsequently by the larger ones. Many varieties of these curious vegetables furnish a wholesome and palatable food for man, and are used by the poorer classes along the shores of northern Europe, while others are reckoned a luxury by the rich. One edible is called 'Irish bog moss,' while from another are formed the bird's nests which are considered such a delicacy by the Chinese, the best being sold for nearly their weight in gold. These nests are constructed by a bird resembling the swallow, which reduces the seaweed in its beak to a gelatinous mass before employing it for building.

"Formerly the glassmaker and soapboiler obtained most of the alkali required for their manufactures from the ashes of a kind of seaweed called 'kelp.' The discovery of glass is said to have been originally made by sailors, who, being cast ashore by shipwreck, kindled a fire on the sand, utilizing dry seaweeds as fuel. Beneath the ashes they subsequently found a mass of vitrified matter, which resulted from the union at a high temperature of the soda of the seaweed with the silex sand. One of the most important substances used by the physician is iodine, made from the ashes of seaweeds, which is a nearly certain remedy for some complaints which were considered incurable. It is also one of the most important agents employed in in the processes of photography.

"A kind of seaweed which is plentiful on the coast of China furnishes an admirable glue and varnish. When dried, it is waterproof, and it is employed to fill up the interstices in bamboo network, of which windows are frequently constructed in that country. It is also utilized to strengthen and varnish paper lanterns."—Washington Star.

Surprised.

Among the many stories that Palgrave Simpson told me, says a writer, was one about his first start as a dramatist. He used to live in Brompton after his return from Paris, where he had been a pupil of the great Scribe. He was of striking appearance, with long black hair and a mustache, and used to wear a cloak. During his walks abroad he came across a lady who seemed to shrink from him as if she feared him. One day he was passing by Thurloe square, and gave a penny to a crossing sweeper, and hearing a cry of astonishment turned sharply around. The exclamation came from the opposite side of the road. It emanated from the lady who had so frequently exhibited signs of apprehension at his approach, and who now seemed astounded at his little act of philanthropy. Soon after this meeting, armed with a letter of introduction, he took a piece to a theater in the Strand to read to one of the management. The author did his best, and the reading went off well. At the conclusion the manager said:

"And now, Mr. Simpson, you must allow me to introduce you to my mother."

"I shall be delighted," said Palgrave.

At this moment a lady entered the room, in whom my friend recognized the stranger he had seen in Thurloe Square.

"This is Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has been reading me a most amusing farce," said the manager.

The lady appeared to be in the last stage of astonishment.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed; "why, it is the benevolent brigand!"

The Crawfish and the Levees.

"Whenever I hear of a break in the levee down in my district," says a correspondent of a St. Louis paper, "I know that nine chances to one crawfish have caused it. The assertion may sound slightly exaggerated, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the devilish little crawfish work more danger to the levees than does the water. On a big rise, when the bed of the river is stretched from embankment to embankment, the crawfish burrow into the levees, and live there in the moist earth. They multiply faster than maggots, and loosen up the earth worse than moles. The levee may be completely sodded with grass, and you see no external evidence of the damage going on within, but when the next big rise comes you will see it. I have frequently known the water to break through the levee two or three feet from the top, and you can attribute it to nothing but the destructive work of crawfish. This was particularly true of the break at Offut's in 1889, when a portion of the town of Greenville was submerged. The builder of the levee in the future will have to take into account the crawfish as one of his most stubborn foes."

Ample Justification.

Guest (at Oklahoma hotel)—Wasn't there some shooting at the other end of the table a minute ago?

Waiter (replacing his smoking revolver)—Yes. Dude from the East. Wanted a napkin. Say, if you're done with that knife and fork why in thunder don't you pass 'em on to the next man?

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Time of Departure."

TEXT: *"The time of my departure is at hand."*—II Timothy iv., 6.

Departure! That is a word used only twice in all the bible. But it is a word often used in the courtroom and means the desertion of one course of pleading for another. It is used in navigation to describe the distance between two meridians passing through the extremities of a course. It is a word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a smaller and less significant sense than that implied in the text I can say, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readers all the world over, and when they read it I will be in mid ocean, and unless something new happens in my marine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word departure when applied to exchange of continents as when applied to exchange of worlds as when Paul wrote, "The time of my departure is at hand."

Now departure implies a starting place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon, but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence.

I was in that lower dungeon in November, 1889. It is made of volcanic stone. I measured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen feet. The highest of the roof was seven feet from the floor and the lowest of the roof five feet seven inches. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent up for to Troas and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding that he had written for it.

If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth, and the sunlight, and the fresh air he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were got when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—one hundred and ninety-five bruises on the back (count them!) made with rods of elmwood, each one of the one hundred and ninety-five strokes bringing the blood.

Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amid the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussel with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermon.

Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine to-day with the King. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon: "Hurry up, old man. Come now; get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up, and straightening out his limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioners, and hear him say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of excution. They say: "Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along." "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution—Acquæ Salvia—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance.

O Paul! why not now strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet, and Paul does dine with the King.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elmwood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome, for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is Paul, the second great in heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death and up to the last moment he was under Nero, the thick-necked, the cruel-eyed, the filthy-lipped and sculptured features of that man bringing down to us this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature—seated as he was among pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother-of-pearl, in a dining-room which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence; his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by its victims, who had been bedaubed with tar and pitch and then set on fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king.

But the next moment he goes into the realm of Him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose scepter is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text, "The time of my departure is at hand!"

Now, why cannot all the old people have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I., when he was combing his hair, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and may not we as well? They got through with it and so can we.

Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say, "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk about uncertainties.

I remark again, all those ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken telescope. "Now we see through a glass darkly." Can you tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself, but not now. No well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are ten thousand things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything.

Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpenstock and guides and rockets and ropes, and getting half way up stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps when in that ascent there is no peril?

A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy, "Now in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Jonathan Edwards or St. Paul himself before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation.

It is demonstraton It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany and geology and astronomy and theology.

I remark again, we ought to have the joy of the text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street and you say: "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say: "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the centre of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all the world, the favorite of all ages.

Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be, "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sin, that carried my sorrows, that fought my battles, that won my victories?" Oh, Radiant One! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without its humiliations; Thou of the cross, but without its pangs; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear Him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of His last hours, and then Luke's account of the crucifixion and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon His endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to His ear more faintly, and His hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and His feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and His head fell forward in a swoon as He uttered the last moan and cried, "It is finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed on the Divine Narrator until the story is done, and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up finger on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

What He endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!

When there was between Paul and that magnificent Personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? Oh! my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over us! Hark! I hear the wedding bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready. And now for a little while good by. I have no morbid feeling about the future. But if anything should happen that we never meet again in this world, let us meet where there are no partings. Our friendships have been delightful on earth, but they will be more delightful in heaven. And now I commend you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build us up and give an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Fish are always sold alive in Japan.

Critic is from the Greek krites, a judge.

Silk worms are sold by the pound in China.

The Australian dog and the Egyptian shepherd dog never bark.

A curious industry in Paris is that of selling toads to gardeners, to be used as insect destroyers.

All the chickens in the western part of French Guinea are perfectly white. It is impossible to find one with a colored feather.

The Spaniards found mirrors of polished black stone, both convex and concave, among the natives of South America.

Ducks fly at an average rate of ninety miles per hour. With a fair wind it is believed that they can make 150 miles in the same time.

The wild potato vine sometimes has a root that attains the size and occasionally the form of a boy's body, and weighs thirty-five pounds.

The house of Jacques Flandreau, built in New Rochelle, N. Y., in the year 1700, is standing and is supposed to be one of the oldest Huguenot houses in this country.

Within a few years past over 100,000,000 of those little wire corkscrews, used in ink and medicine bottles, have been sold. Machines turns them out at the rate of 30,000 per day.

Blind Tom, the musician, has a sister who loses self-control when she hears music. It is said that she has tried to ruin several pianos, and that she smashes every violin and flute that she can lay hands on.

The Guadaloupe (West Indies) bees lay their honey in bladders of wax about as large as a pigeon's egg, and not in combs. The bees have no stings, are small and of a black color. The honey is of the oily consistency, and never hardens.

It is related that a gentleman in Ireland recently, on cutting open a potato at dinner, found in the center a half sovereign, around which the vegetable had grown. Though discolored, it was in a good state of preservation, and is now a pretty ornament to a watch chain.

When rabbits are seen running and suddenly stopping to listen and then running on again and stopping they are pretty certain to have a weasel or a cat or a fox after them. They are not long-winded like hares and soon pant for want of breath. A weasel can always tire them out.

From an ancient account-book found at Eastport, Me., it appears that in 1897 tobacco was sold by the yard in that settlement. The limited purchasing power of a day's wages at that period is shown by the price of nails—one shilling 2½ pence a pound. A day's ordinary wages would pay for about four pounds of nails.

It is said that the old black overcoat of the German army will shortly be abolished. Experiments have been made with various regiments during the last twelve months with overcoats of various shades of gray, which have led to the conclusion that light gray is the color least distinguished at a distance, and therefore best adapted for wear in view of the use of smokeless powder.

French factories supply dentists with rings upon which are strung thin short metal bars, each carrying a tooth at its extremity. There are twenty-five of these sample teeth that run all the way from nearly white to a shade that is almost olive. Some one of the twenty-five usually almost matches the patient's natural teeth, and, at any rate, enables the dentist to match the teeth by application at the factory.

While Edgar Bates, a geologist of Angola, was prospecting in Jackson County, Michigan, he discovered in a stream a peculiarly marked stone, rudely cut by a blunt instrument. With the aid of a microscope he was able to decipher an inscription running to this effect: "Samuel Bernet; I was taken by the Indians near Sandusky, and I expect never to reach that place. If my friends——I am to be burned. April 16, 1809."

Earth-Worm Oil.

There is no better specific for rheumatism than earth-worm oil. It is commonly made by taking two or three dozen of the largest earth-worms that can be found, and placing them in a tin or iron cup over the fire. In a few moments the worms will dissolve into a fine oil, which is then strained, and may be bottled, tightly corked and set away in a cool place for use. It should be employed as a liniment, and the stiffest rheumatic joints, well rubbed with this natural lubricant, will recover their former flexibility.—New York News.

THE DUCHESS D'UZES, who excels all other French women in every accomplishment, from riding to playing billiards, has executed with her own hand a marble statue of the Virgin Mary. It has been presented to the church at Poissy.

FUNERAL THIEVES.

The Very Lowest Grade of All the Criminal Class.

Criminals have as many grades of respectablity among themselves as has the moral portion of the community. They, too, have their "400," their upper ten, their middle-grade lawbreakers, and then the very dregs of the thieving class. And way down in the scale, beneath the contempt of even the humble burglar, the lowly pickpocket, and the contemptible hat-rack sneak, stands, lone and forsaken by all evil-doers, the "funeral thief." The "funeral thief" is the poltroon of the criminal classes. Little conscience as most thieves possess, he possesses the least. He shrinks from no desecration. No superstition causes him to recoil. He robs the living as they weep over the dead. Few criminals would stoop to so low a crime, consequently there are not many funeral thieves. But what few there are are active. Their method of work is extremely simple. Usually they go in pairs, sometimes there are three or four together. Early in the morning they scan the death columns of the newspapers. From the announcement of the funerals for the day they make up a visiting list. They select those where the victims of the grim reaper were men about their own age. They visit the home where the partly open casket is resting, while friends gaze at the features of the departed. Their right to be present is never questioned; they are taken, as a matter of course, for friends of the dead. They pass the coffin, pausing for a few moments in pretended tearful contemplation of the cold features, and in the slight jam that is sure to follow such a pause—and while many mourners are in tears—the thieves abstract the pocketbooks of all within their reach. Women are their subjects, and if tears are not plentiful the thieves will themselves pretend to weep. This is sure to prove effectual.

Thus do these funeral thieves work. It does not take them long to go through the pockets of half a dozen persons, and then they are off to the next house on the list, where the mode of operation is repeated. No wonder other thieves regard them with contempt.

BREEDING IN CAPTIVITY.

Birds Mating in a Zoological Garden as Never Before.

The condors, vultures and eagles of the Philadelphia Zoo have begun to lay eggs, which they have never done before while in captivity. These birds have all built huge nests of branches of trees and bark, and a wholly unwonted activity possesses them. The Zoo has been filled with persons looking at the birds and watching their buildings. The keeper of the Zoo explains thus why it is that the birds have never mated before. "The secret is this," he said. "The nearer you approach a state of nature the better it is for birds in every way. In that state the first thing vultures and eagles do when they pounce upon their prey is to cut into the head and dig out and devour the brains. The birds had always been fed here, as they have everywhere else, on horse meat, but during the past month we have made arrangements with poultry and fish dealers by which the heads of poultry and fish dressed for market and all those that are a little damaged are brought up here and thrown in to the birds. It was a welcome change from horseflesh, and the birds have been ravenous for it. They are now devouring their natural food in their natural manner, and are just that much nearer their natural state. They became less sluggish and took more interest in each other. It wasn't long before they were billing and cooing like turtle doves. I came out here and found an eagle's egg in the ground near the wire screen. Some small boy pounded it with a stick. Then another one had the same fate. So branches, sticks and bark were thrown into the cages as an experiment, and surely enough, the vultures and eagles began to build nests and lay in them. I believe we shall be raising young vultures, condors, buzzards and eagles like chickens and ducks in a short time. Never before in captivity did these birds ever make any pretense of laying or making nests. We shall give them their chicken and fish brains all summer. Brains are needed in every business, and this is what they have accomplished with these birds."

Hungarian Custom.

In Hungary and Brittany the young girls assemble on certain fete days, wearing red petticoats with white or yellow borders round them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, denotes 100 francs per annum, and each yellow band denotes gold, betokening 1,000 francs a year.

Burned at One Battle.

A statistician has figured it out that the British fleet fired off 4,500 pounds of gunpowder at the battle of Trafalgar Bay.

The mole can swim excellently and it often sinks wells for the purpose of obtaining water to drink.

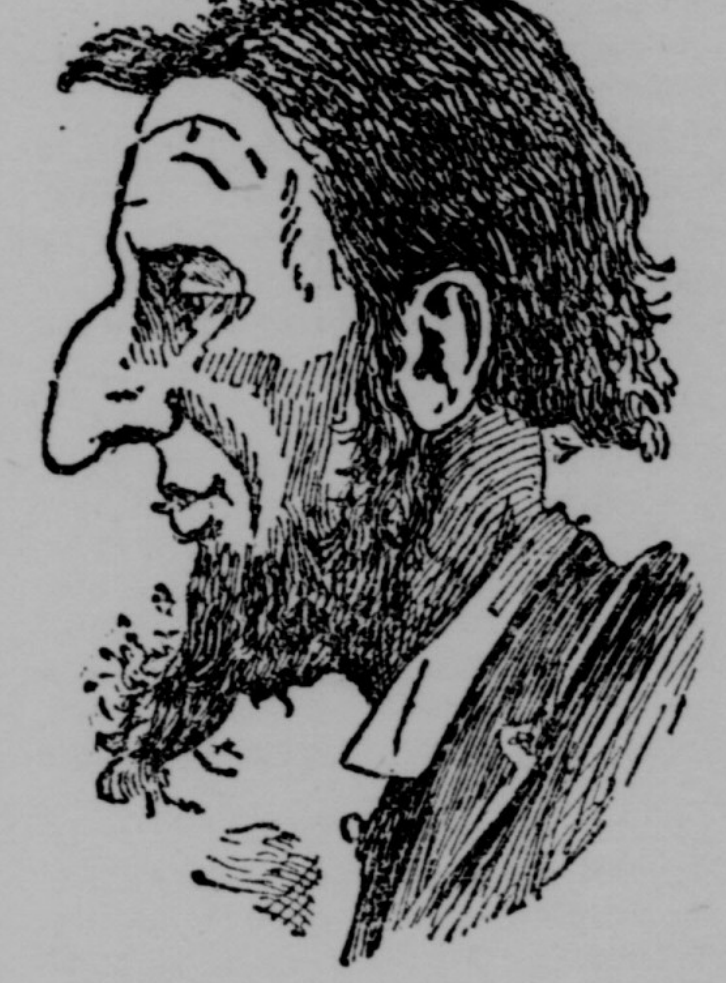
Poisoned

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallen.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallen, a nurse, of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She is now perfectly well, weighs 128 pounds, eats well, and does the work for a large family.

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

A PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE.



The above picture contains four faces, the man and his three daughters. Anyone can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies.

The proprietors of Ford's Prize Pills will give an elegant Gold Watch to the *first* person who can make out the three daughters' faces; to the *second* will be given a pair of genuine Diamond Ear-Rings; to the *third* a handsome Silk Dress Pattern, 16 yards in any color; to the *fourth* a Coin Silver Watch, and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above puzzle picture, distinguish the three girls' faces by marking a cross with lead pencil on each, and enclose same with fifteen U. S. two cent stamps for one box of FORD'S PRIZE PILLS, (which will be sent post paid, duty free), addressed to THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St. Toronto, Can. The person whose envelope is postmarked *first* will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant Gold Watch, of fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the *next to the last* a pair of genuine Diamond Ear-Rings; to the *second* to the last a handsome Silk Dress Pattern, 16 yards in any color; to the *third* to the last a Coin Silver Watch, and many other prizes in order of merit counting from the last. WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS (should there be so many sending in correct answers). No charge is made for boxing and packing of premiums. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are sugar-coated, do not gripe, very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this picture puzzle, kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in. Address THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St., Toronto, Can.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

There is but one sudden death among women to every ten among men.

Horse flesh has come into general use among the poor of Europe as an article of diet.

A recently designed incandescent electric lamp, supported by springs, is intended for use in carriages and other vehicles.

A French community will try the experiment of supplying electricity to drive 18,000 looms scattered about in private houses.

The latest use of the electric motor in replacing human energy in the manipulation of the death-dealing Gatling gun has been found to work with great success.

Three factories in the United States consume nearly 2,000,000 eggs a year in making the peculiar kind of paper used by photographers known as albumen paper.

The underground electric railway proposed for Paris is to traverse the city in the direction of its greatest length, which will cause it approximately to follow the course of the Seine.

What will be the largest electric locomotive in the world is being constructed at Baden, Zurich. It is to develop 1500 to 2000 horse-power, and will make its trial trip in a few months.

The teak, which has passed into proverb as the best material for shipbuilding, is superior to all other woods from the fact that it contains an essential oil which prevents spikes and nails driven into it from rusting.

The cost of rough steel castings for marine engine work is said to be about four times that of cast iron, but greater allowance has to be made for the machining, as much as twenty per cent. of the casting being removed in some cases.

An English firm has invented an ingenious device for turning on the currents for electric lamps at a certain hour. An ordinary clock is so adjusted that at the desired moment a spring is released, permitting a pair of pivoted contacts to fall into mercury cups, thus completing the circuit.

The rate of progression of a storm is often fifty miles an hour, and a series has been traced in a direct line from north to south, a distance of 400 miles. Mr. Marriott thinks that the average altitude of a thunder storm does not extend beyond about 5000 feet above the earth's surface.

Electricity has been recently applied to establish the state of a horse's foot. Put one pole of a battery in contact with the inside of the hoof, the other pole in contact with the iron shoe. If the hoof has been pierced with a nail to the quick the horse will feel the electric current and become irritated. In the other case the current cannot pass through the hoof.

In sawmills using pneumatic pipes for taking away the sawdust it is found that the back of the saw usually throws up a good deal of fine dust in spite of the air suction. This difficulty has now been overcome in many instances by an invention for admitting air to the saw hopper in such a way as to cause it to impinge on the sides and teeth of the saw and thus give it an air-blast washing.

Herr Weismann, a distinguished German biologist, has pointed out that the average duration of the life of birds is by no means well known. Small singing birds live from eight to eighteen years. Ravens have lived for one hundred years and parrots still longer in captivity. Fowls live from ten to twenty years. The wild goose lives one hundred years, and swans are said to have attained the age of three hundred years.

Experiments were made during the last trial trip of the German armed cruiser Beowulf to determine the air-pressure at the mouth of a gun at the moment of discharge. Rabbits were placed near the muzzles of the guns, and shots fired. In every case animals fell dead at once. In order to test the probable effect of the enormous displacement of air upon human beings, figures made of straw were used. These were torn to pieces in every instance.

A Lariat Made of Whiskers.

"Eat 'Em Up" Blaisdell, who came to Montana from the Texas Panhandle three years ago, killed a man on Tongue River, below Miles City, three weeks ago under peculiar circumstances. Little is known about "Eat 'Em Up's" early life. He himself does not know where he was born. He drifted to Texas in the early '70s, then attached himself to a cattle outfit, and finally found himself roping steers in the Panhandle. While engaged in this work he took a notion to make a lariat from the whiskers of the men in the outfit. He started with his own and began piecing out the coil with the voluntary contributions of his comrades. A hair lariat is the pride of the cowboy, but a lariat made from the whiskers and locks of friends is something novel even in an outfit of cowboys, where the work of eccentric minds is always being displayed in dress and equipment with almost as much interest as parents display in the growth of their children. When the round-up and drive were over the rope was still too short to be of service. Then "Eat 'Em Up" got drunk, broke away from the outfit and traveled to the north. He carried his rope along with his slicker, quirk and champs, in a cheap trunk. Finally he hired out to the O—O ranch in Montana. Here his rope began to grow again. But it was noticed that all the hair in the lariat was either black or brown. Somebody asked "Eat 'Em Up" why he did not get some red hair. "Eat 'Em Up" declared that it was all his mistake, but afterward explained his seeming negligence by a careful reminescent reckoning which convinced him that there had been no red-haired men associated with him in his work on the ranges. There was at the time of this conversation a man with a flaming beard living in a ranch near one of the dry forks of the Tongue. Nobody in "Eat 'Em Up's" outfit knew whether the fellow would part with what was without doubt the only bright thing in his life; but "Eat 'Em Up" determined to make the ride to the man's ranch while hunting a bunch of steers and get those whiskers by hook or crook. While on the way "Eat 'Em Up" drank heavily, and when he reached the ranch he insolently demanded the beard. The rancher, frightened at the belligerent attitude of his strange visitor, tried to close the door of the cabin, but "Eat 'Em Up" burst in upon him. There was a fight in which the rancher was shot. Then "Eat 'Em Up" clipped the beard and returned red handed as well as red whiskered to the camp where he was working. The sheriff now has "Eat 'Em Up" and his rope at Miles City. The latter may be used to exterminate the former, for the rancher was found dead where he had fallen in the fight.—Chicago Herald.

An Opal Worth a Million.

The most famous opal of history was that which was worn in a ring by Nonius, the Roman Senator, in the days of the Triumvirate. In size it was scarcely larger than the average hazelnut, yet its beauty was such as to render it the marvel of its times. The "money changers" and goldsmiths of Rome set its value down at $1,000,000. Marc Antony made overtures for its purchase, intending, it is believed, to present it to Cleopatra. Upon the death of Nonius history loses all trace of it, there being no record of its transfer from him to any member of his family.—New York Journal.

Not only have the Peninsular and Oriental steamers ceased going to Southampton, England, but other companies owning large steamers are now threatening to go elsewhere and abandon the use of the Southampton docks.

Fads in Wax and Stationery.

Late news from Paris is to the effect that sealing wax has suddenly become once more fashionable. A meaning is now attached to each color. White sealing wax means a proposal of marriage; black, of course, mourning; violet, condolence; brown or old gold, an invitation to dinner; ruby is used by lovers; crimson is reserved strictly for business; green means hope; pale gray, friendship; pink, love letters; yellow, jealousy; gold and silver, constancy, etc. Note paper is to be had in corresponding shades and in all shapes and forms. Mourning paper is now absolutely black, edged with silver, and silver ink is used to write thereupon. A pretty novelty is the flower paper. It is of pale blue, pink, lilac or green, and is powdered all over with the buds and petals of flowers in a yet lighter hue. Forget-me-nots or gentianellas on the blue, roses and apple blossoms on the pink, crocuses, violets, or twigs of lavender on the lilac, and buttercups and daisies on the green. The envelopes match the paper, and are lined with silver.

Judas' Treachery Worth $200.

"The piece of silver" mentioned in the Bible as the kind of coin in which the reward for Judas' treachery was paid was about 66⅔ cents. Judas therefore received a sum about equal to $20 of our money. It is calculated by political economists that the difference of value between the money of that and of this day would make that amount about equal to $200 at the present time, which is a small compensation for everlasting infamy.

Lots of Walnuts.

The annual crop of English walnuts in Southern California reaches a million and a half pounds.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co. doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Unless an Austrian gains the consent of his wife he cannot get a passport to journey beyond the frontier of his own country.

FOR Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. The Best Tonic, it rebuilds the system, cleans the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid tonic for weak and debilitated persons.

A Philadelphia church is making trouble because its pastor's misfit set of false teeth interfere with his enunciation.

Ladies, ladies, think of the engagements you have broken and the disappointments consequent to others and perhaps also to yourselves, all on account of headache. Bradycrotine will cure you in fifteen minutes. Fifty cents.

The first victim to the guillotine was a highwayman named Peletier, who was executed on the Place de Greve, Paris.

FOR impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria Neuralgia, Indigestion, and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

Cuban barbers lather their patrons with their hands, from a bowl made to fit under the chin. No brush is used.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on the liver and other vital organs. One dose relieves sick headache in 20 minutes.

Siberia signifies "thirsty."

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

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that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature,

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets act naturally. They help Nature to do her own work. They cleanse and renovate, mildly but thoroughly, the whole system. *Regulate* it, too. The help that they give, lasts.

They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, easiest, and best to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

This is true only of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

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Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

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MONEY IN CHICKENS

—IF YOU—

KNOW HOW

To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the

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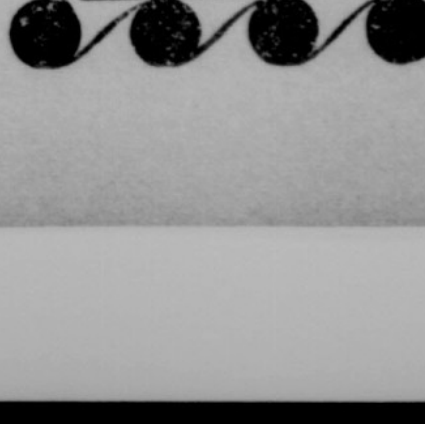

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